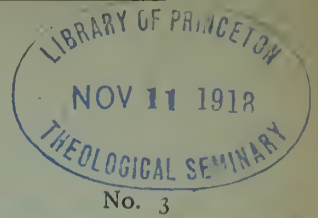


A Religion of Freedom and Earnestness



VOL. XXII

No. 3

The American McAll Record

October, 1904

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VOLUME XXII

OCTOBER, 1904

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If any ask for results of the McAll Mission, let them be shown Mr. Brown's letter in this number, page 17. Two converts of the Marseilles station are now, with their wives, missionaries in Congo; one is now director of our work in Desvres; three are Bible women in Paris. What church in this country barely twenty years old can show such a record? And this is not a church; it is simply an evangelistic work among one of the most shifting populations in the world.

The example of the McAll Mission in opening temperance cafés in Paris and La Rochelle is being followed by others. On June 26th a total abstinence restaurant was opened on one of the principal streets of Grenoble. It is said to be one of the finest establishments of the kind in the city, with a hall for public assemblies and a garden. Grenoble is a university town, much frequented by American professors and students. It appears that a number of French students have taken part in the temperance movement, which has resulted in this establishment; they organized in its favor a very successful series of lectures.

We would direct special attention to one feature in the report from Easton, in the Home Department of this number. It is all interesting, but the use made of her telephone by a "shut-in" member must certainly afford suggestions to other "shut-ins." It was a beautiful service that this lady rendered; not only selling fifty tickets for the lawn festival, but securing ten new members for the Auxiliary. The name of the lady who gave the fête affords another suggestion. Miss Davis was one of the delegates to the East Orange convention. Suppose Easton had said, "We cannot afford to send a delegate." Or suppose the delegate had said, "It will be far more useful for me to give the amount the journey will cost directly to the

Auxiliary, and remain at home." How great would have been the loss!

The religious revival which is moving over the more remote regions of France, and to which reference has here been made from time to time during three or four years past, has resulted in the building of more than one modest little Protestant "temple." A little "Protestant Almanac" of this year gives the picture of one of these, the temple of Roquedur, near Nozac, in the department of Lot (the southern central part of France). This really picturesque little temple cost, it appears, only \$175, to be exact, 874 francs, 60 centimes! Manifestly, the people themselves, like the Jews under Nehemiah, had a mind to the work, and contributed much of the labor themselves, for surely the materials could hardly have cost less than the amount named.

Another of these little "temples" is in Coulaures, in Perigord. In this region 500 Roman Catholics have lately passed over to Protestantism. The picture of the modest little building shows directly opposite a colossal statue of the Virgin Mary, which, it appears, the Roman Catholics of the region have erected as a manifestation of their sentiments.

The activities of Salle Rivoli-New York are very varied. The report for the year closing last April shows an average attendance of 200 at the Mothers' Meeting, and of more than 100 at the Sunday afternoon meetings, a remarkable record for the chief holiday of the week. This service is followed by the meetings of the *groupes fraternelles*, an adaptation of the Methodist class meeting. There are four groups of elder women, one of younger women and one of men, and the leaders state that nearly every member of these groups is a converted person. The Saturday Bible Class for men has twenty-five members; the Young Women's Christian Association is in a flourishing condition; four members joined various churches last Easter. Two stereopticon lectures given by Pastor Bieler (a brother-in-law of M. Henri Merle d'Aubigné), brought together, respectively, 325 and 265 persons. A letter received

from Mr. Brown in late August says that the meetings have been better this year than last, and there is much good news for a later letter.

From St. Etienne, where Dr. Hastings Burroughs is now in the twenty-second year of his voluntary service, we learn that an extensive itineracy has been carried on during the summer weather, members of the Mission going out regularly twice a week to preach by the roadsides and in village market places. The singing of hymns has a large part in this work. "The attention which we receive is very remarkable," writes one of the workers; "not a discordant voice; on the contrary, we are often urged to come again. It is touching to see the interest with which these improvised audiences listen to the Gospel. The time has verily come when the people desire to hear the way of salvation proclaimed in clear and simple terms. It would be well if all Christians who can do so should devote a few hours every week to this method of evangelization. They would be the first to rejoice in it."

Not long ago Pastor Sirven, of the one Protestant church in Orléans, wrote to a religious paper of the important work carried on last winter in his "vast and scattered parish" by our boat, the *Bonne Nouvelle*. Pastor Sirven and his colleague lent valuable aid to the work, being happy, as he said, to preach to the "attentive, silent, reverent" audiences that crowded the little floating chapel, and enchanted to hear them sing the McAll hymns. We are familiar, in all places where our boats go, with what impressed this pastor as a wonderful thing—that every evening, whatever the cold or the storm, groups of ten, fifteen, twenty persons walked from three to five miles to attend the meetings, returning home in the darkness. A great part of the winter campaign was carried on within the vast limits of M. Sirven's parish, which includes a number of villages, some of them of 1800 to 2000 inhabitants. All this gives us a more realizing sense of the immense difficulties with which French Protestant pastors have to grapple, and affords an explanation, were any needed, of the alacrity with which they co-operate with the Mission.

THE PRESENT NEED

To those who, like the Editor and other officers of the Board, are closely in touch with the workers upon the field, it seems little less than heart-breaking that the latter are constrained to refuse splendid opportunities for want of funds, and when such small sums, such little self-denials on our part, would go so far in giving the Gospel to those who thirst for it!

Our readers know something of the remarkable itinerating work of M. and Mme Quéhen among the mountain villages of the Maritime Alps from their station at Grasse. Twenty-one villages have heard the Gospel through this itinerary! And in several of them it had not been preached during the memory of any now living! How pitiful a thing it is, therefore, that to the strenuous exertions of M. and Mme Quéhen and their Christian Endeavorers in climbing mountains, carrying books and a "baby organ" over the rocky roads, and holding many meetings every week in these remote places, should be added the duty of raising a part of the funds needed for this devoted work.

"We have opened two stations, 4 and 6 miles from Grasse," writes M. Quéhen, "where we go every week, and we could open more if we had the means; the way seems to be open in a marvelous manner, but unfortunately the Paris Committee has been compelled to reduce our expenses. In order to carry on and to extend the work *we have to find \$400 besides what the Mission can allow us.*"

Think of these devoted workers being thus crippled! The Children of Israel who had to "seek their straw where they might find it," and yet not "diminish aught of the tale of bricks," were brought to that evil plight by an unbelieving despot, but our faithful missionaries simply by the inadvertence or the ignorance of those who love the Lord Jesus and his cause and honor these workers for their faithful service. Some small act of self-denial on the part of eighty of our members, a five-dollar bill from each of them, would relieve these devoted workers of the hard task of seeking needed funds where they may find them. Shall it not be provided?

But the self-denial of eighty of our members will not suffice

to meet the pressing need; the time has come when every one of us must needs ask herself, before God, "How can I help to meet the immediate need in this urgent opportunity of the Mission?" There never was a time, since Mr. McAll responded to the Macedonian cry, when the Mission was so imperatively needed, its opportunities so large and so important, as just now. It is hardly necessary here to go into the details of this urgency. M. Merle d'Aubigné, when he was among us last season, eloquently described to many audiences the present religious situation in France, and the peculiar circumstances that make the McAll Mission especially efficacious at the present time. If the budget of the Mission were to be increased tenfold it would not be more than the Paris Committee could wisely administer, nor would it even then suffice to meet the crying need. Grasse is not the only centre from which an innumerable number of uncivilized villages could be reached, villages hidden away in the heart of the country, inaccessible even to our Mission boats; nor is Paris the only capital from which such an automobile mission might be carried on, as is described by Pastor Cerisier in this number of *THE RECORD*.

And yet what do we hear from Paris? "The budget for next year has been scaled down \$12,000, in order to avoid a possible deficit!" Is it not sorrowful? Is it not disgraceful to some of us? Is it not cruel to those people of France who, many of them unconsciously, very many of them consciously, are starving for the bread of life? Cruel! Is that the word? Is there not a more severe expression to apply to those of us who, when our Lord, in the person of these French men and women, is hungry and athirst, yet refuse to give of our abundance the spiritual food and drink they need?

A private letter from Paris tells how, the Bank having refused any longer to allow the Treasurer to overdraw, to carry the work through the long months from May to December when no money comes in, three members of the Paris Committee have each loaned to the Mission four thousand dollars to enable the Committee to carry on the summer and early autumn work. It is an act of the sublimest faith, for not one of these men can afford to lose four thousand dollars, or indeed any part of it. Shall not their act stimulate every one of us to some

exertion, some self-denial, by which this sublime faith shall not be disappointed?

The McAll Mission is by no means singular in thus being forced to confront an emergency every summer. It is only a few years since all the great Missionary Boards were in the same predicament, obliged to borrow money, to run heavily into debt, to carry themselves over the "dry time" of summer, when no funds were received. Most of the great boards were extricated from this grievous predicament by the large "twentieth century offerings," which, coming as an extra, enabled them to keep funds in hand to meet the summer emergency. The twentieth century offering of the McAll Mission was in the nature of things too small to effect any such purpose, and the rapidly lengthening summer holiday makes the emergency greater every year. Nearly all of us who collect know that the bulk of our collections are made within three months after New Year's. And all of us who are housekeepers know that it is impossible to administer advantageously funds which come to hand after months of running up bills.

Cannot we apply this timely housekeeping knowledge of ours to the present problem of the Mission? What is needed is an emergency fund of at least one-third of the budget of the year, say, thirty thousand dollars. This fund, invested in first-class securities and deposited with Monroe and Cie., the bankers of the Mission, would form a collateral against which the Committee could borrow in every time of need. It could never be wasted, because deposits received during the active season would always be applied to cancel the debt, so long as it lasted. Thus the credit of the Mission would always be good, and the Paris Committee, spared from the harassing anxieties which now half paralyze them, would be free to devote all their energies to the very best interests of the work of God in France.

Will not the Auxiliaries take this subject into earnest consideration? An increase of thirty per cent. on the usual contributions would in three years make up this needed fund. All churches, all large religious works, have come to see the imperative need of a certain amount of funded property,—not enough to check the annual contributions of Christians, but enough to save pastors and secretaries and boards from the wear and waste

of harassing money problems. No board better deserves to be saved this wasting anxiety than the Paris Committee of the McAll Mission. No mission can less afford to be checked in its activities by scarcity of money and dread as to the failure of future income.

THE MISSION AND THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Fourteen branches of the Young Women's Christian Association in Paris and thirteen in provincial towns or cities are connected with our Mission halls. During the year 1902-1903 506 meetings with an average of thirteen in attendance were held in Paris, 273 in the provinces with an average of twelve attendants. Most of these meetings are purely religious, even evangelistic, nearly all the members being of Roman Catholic origin. A considerable number of the members, however, are Jewesses. The members are working women—shop girls or domestic servants. Many of them work from 6 a. m. to 8 p. m., and a large proportion of them after such a day's work postpone dinner till ten o'clock, or later, rather than lose their meeting.

Nearly all these branches are organized for some form of Christian activity. A favorite form of service is singing in the meetings of the Mission, and in some of the branches classes in music and even in the violin have been formed to this end. In a number of the Mission halls the singing is led by an orchestra of three or more pieces and a choir of girls from the Christian Association.

Another form of "Christian activity" is Sunday-school teaching. The majority of teachers in the Mission schools are now drawn from the Association. Others again visit the sick, sing hymns to them or carry them flowers. Nearly all of them distribute tracts. There is a central committee of leaders of "groups" or unions, but a certain diffidence prevents some of these from joining it. But when one considers how few are the years since French women of this class began to take any part in organized work, the progress made by the girls and young women of the Mission is simply amazing.

A PROFESSOR'S IMPRESSIONS OF "LA BONNE NOUVELLE"

[The summer season is not propitious for collecting news of our work, as when some workers are absent on vacation those who are left are over busy for writing. We have, therefore, no recent intelligence from either of our boats, but the following, written by a French professor living in Montargis, after the visit of *La Bonne Nouvelle* to that beautiful little city last year, has a value not affected by the lapse of time.—EDITOR.]

Some weeks ago the writer of these lines had never seen the Mission boat, *La Bonne Nouvelle*. He was curious to visit it, a natural curiosity for a Protestant living, as it were, drowned in the midst of a population entirely Catholic, and who had for long taken a deep interest in the work of the McAll Mission. It was with glad surprise that he entered by the large arched doorway of the boat, walking the length of the saloon, bright, pretty, and comfortable in its simplicity, this floating chapel which serves as a meeting-place widely open to all the world as the home of the Christian family, who are attached to the service of this river-temple as were the Levites of old the caretakers and servants of the temple. Since that first visit the writer has been many and many a time, and each time his first impressions have been strengthened and deepened.

But, while the boat is interesting in itself, that which is far more so is the work carried on on board. The last meeting held at Cepoy, on the 18th of December, with a gathering of 230 persons, was one which we shall never forget. A boat crammed with a congregation almost entirely composed of Catholics, who, up to its arrival, hardly knew what a Protestant was, perhaps; attentive, thoughtful, sympathetic, singing the hymns with delight and energy. And then the two addresses, the first by Pastor Joeglé, of Montargis, on "Christ in the Family," a most interesting and popular commentary on the second chapter of John, and that by Mr. Anderson, completing the first with interest and freshness. The whole scene touched us most deeply, and seemed to show us the promise of the day when the Gospel proclaimed in its simplicity and purity will lay hold on the Catholic and free-thinking multitudes in our France, and bring many as captives to the feet of the Saviour. Since then the boat has left Cepoy, but deep work has been wrought there. We write after it has been for four weeks anchored in our town

of Montargis. We cannot say that every night it has been crowded, and in the beginning of January, owing to the New Year's fêtes and to the great cold, the attendance was not large. But many a time there has been hardly an empty chair, and we have seen this sight, quite new to us, of men, women and children, who never troubled themselves to come near the Protestant church, shaking off their indifference, and coming, some of them with an entire absence of religious conviction, and others again, notwithstanding their prejudices and preconceived opinions, to listen to the truths proclaimed on board. And another remarkable fact was the quietness and attention obtained from them from the very first. All listened with respect and sympathy. It must be said that the speakers showed a rare tact and wisdom in carefully avoiding any subject likely to irritate or stir up strife. It is truly a treat for any Protestant to be present at such meetings, and to see in a community so opposed to the Gospel, apparently, such an awakening to take an interest in subjects hitherto left entirely to one side by them. Truly good has been done at Montargis, as elsewhere; and, thanks to the sojourn of the boat in our midst, we have felt as it were a gentle breath of the Holy Spirit, who will one day cause the dry bones of the house of Israel to live.

Let us give an instance of this as proof of the assertion. On Christmas day, two meetings were held on the boat. At two o'clock M. Dautry counted no less than forty-five persons who had come over from Cepoy, Nargis and Souppes, and some even from Nemours, that is, more than eighteen miles distance—friends from all these places that the boat had been visiting—proving that "out of sight" was not for them "out of mind." The second point of interest is, that on the following Sunday the Protestant church, generally much more than sufficient for the congregation, could not hold the people who came. It was on the occasion of the Christmas tree, provided annually by the ladies of the church, but this year there were eighty persons who came over from Cepoy, children and parents sent over by a kind friend at her expense. The fête began with a lecture on the "Life of our Lord," with magic-lantern slides, and then the tree was lighted, as usual, and addresses, hymns and prayers ended the happy gathering. Catholics and Protestants thus met

together, and it was a visible proof of the good effected by the Mission boat.

A. DARDEL.

There were forty meetings for adults held at Montargis, with an average attendance of over ninety. Concerning this campaign M. Dautry, the "captain" of the boat, writes :

We arrived at Montargis with some fear as to what our reception would be like, but our doubts were quickly dispelled, and we found ourselves surrounded by a group of friends, whose presence from the first seemed to assure us of the success of our visit. While we had feared some trouble and ill-feeling, we found only sympathy and cordiality.

We had not the same crowds as in the villages, but our attendants were more regular and more "select," if I may so say. We could see that many were receiving much blessing, as the following will prove :

At the end of the Mission, a group of persons promised not only to attend meetings in the Protestant church, but also asked to have meetings begun in their quarter, which will, I hope, be accomplished.

A man belonging to this interesting group said to me one evening, "Who has told you my story, so that you were able to tell it out before every one a few evenings before, to my disgrace?" I replied that I had never heard anything concerning his life's story. "Ah, when you spoke of those young men who resist all semblance of authority, God, conscience, parents, etc., following their own evil desires and caprices, and when you said how they had surely to reap the fruit of their evil ways in this life, even before having to stand before a Holy God and be judged by Him, I felt that it must be my history that you were describing, so true was it."

A young journalist, on the staff of a very Catholic paper, came on board at first with the hope of getting amusing copy for his readers, but he soon became a most regular and attentive listener, and bought a Bible and books, in order to study for himself the things of God. He followed us to the next station, Vézine, coming several evenings a week.

An old man bought four Testaments at five pence each to give as New Year's presents to his grandchildren.

A family brought us as a parting gift a beautiful bouquet, to express their gratitude for all the good they had received.

On the other hand, a family that began to come regularly suddenly disappeared, having been informed that no money was paid to those wishing to become Protestants!

Our Christmas day meeting was indeed a happy one, to see so many friends coming from a distance to visit us and to meet us once more as we spoke together of the Prince of Peace and of His love to us.

THE MADELEINE AND THE MISSION HALL

BY H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D.

Both situated in the Rue Royale, in the centre of Paris, close to the open space where the Champs Elysées terminate in the Place de la Concorde, the majestic Madeleine, seen of every eye, towers above the humble Mission hall, whose only designation is, "Numéro 23 Rue Royale." Yesterday morning, accompanied by my younger son, Dr. G. Whitfield Guinness, recently rescued from the jaws of death in China, I attended the high mass in the crowded Madeleine, and then the simple Gospel service in the Mission hall close by. The contrast between the two places, the two congregations, the two conceptions of the religion of Christ, the two modes of worship, the two presentations of the Gospel of salvation, was in every way striking and instructive.

THE CHURCH AND THE PRIESTS.

The Madeleine, surrounded by its lofty columns, and approached by an imposing flight of steps, stands like a Grecian temple at the end of the Rue Royale. The vast interior, adorned with noble sculptures, is seen partly by daylight, partly by the illumination of countless candles burning on the great altar at the far end of the building, where a crowd of priests, moving to and fro, and bowing in reiterated acts of worship before a set of gaudy and glittering objects of idolatry, intone the Latin service; bass and treble voices, aided by organ music, swelling into loud harmonies, or faintly dying away into silence, broken by the sharply accented triple ring of the silver bell at the elevation of the consecrated Host, adored with bowed head and bended

knee by priests and people, as the body, blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is offered anew on the altar as an atonement for the sins of the living and the dead.

Refusing to bow to the Babylonian idol, we cast our eyes over the kneeling crowd, impressed not so much by their sin in worshipping the wafer as the living God, as by the awful responsibility and wickedness of the Romish Church in leading ignorant multitudes astray, blinding them to the truth, and prostrating them before priestly performances and lying deceptions. As we watched it all, the money box was carried round to every worshiper, and a pressing demand made for payment for the use of seats. A priest, attired in sacerdotal vestments, moved through the throng offering little holy loaves of bread about the size of a marble, "*pains bénits*," which the superstitious people carried away with silent satisfaction. The whole thing, with its incomprehensible Latin, its absence of the exposition of the Word of God, its gross externality and blasphemous idolatry, painfully impressed one as an immoral pantomime of sacred things, surviving from past ages of superstition; a satanic counterfeit of the faith and worship instituted by the Redeemer of the world. Who can wonder that such exhibitions should have alienated thousands from the profession of Christianity, and have filled France with infidels?

THE MISSION HALL AND THE GOSPEL.

From the proud Church of the Madeleine, we passed into the unpretending Mission hall, entered by an arched passage, whose services are announced as "Conférences sur l'Évangile." A small but deeply serious and attentive audience nearly filled its seats, set in a semicircle in front of the preacher's platform. The hymns were full of Gospel truth and Christian feeling, many of them being translations from well-known English pieces. The Word of God was read, and simply expounded and applied. Several speakers took part, Mr. Soltau presiding. M. Morel gave a searching address on "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith," showing what it was to be a Christian. My dear son spoke briefly through translation on the marvelous way in which God had preserved his own life, and the lives of other fellow-missionaries, in the recent Boxer riots in

China. The prayer that followed, offered by the French evangelist, was evidently the spontaneous outpouring of a Christian heart, and it was a joy to remember that for nearly thirty-five years such services had been conducted on this spot,* and that every day, without intermission, since 1869, the Gospel had been preached here to audiences gathered from the crowded streets by personal invitation—Romanists, rationalists, atheists, the worldly and the wicked, as well as to thousands of inquirers, Protestants and Romanists feeling their way to the arms of the Saviour of mankind.

No priestly pretensions had marred the services; no lying superstitions had degraded them, but the “truth as it is in Jesus” had been preached in the spirit of faith and love, finding its way to countless hearts with saving effects.—*The Christian*, London.

“LES MOUSQUETAIRES”

BY M^{LE} J. BERNER.

Near the fortifications, and about ten minutes from our Salle at Javel, there is a large “cité,” filled with rag-pickers. The entrance, somewhat imposing, is on the Rue St. Charles. On entering, one finds footways filled with all sorts of rubbish, often crossed by gutters filled with evil-smelling water, and everywhere rags, bones and litter of all kinds festering in the sunshine. When it is fine, a noisome dust fills the air, and when it rains, the mud and filth make the entrance almost impassable!

The dwellings, mostly small and ruinous, are hidden by great heaps of rags ready to be carted away, and as for the insides, there is nothing to attract in them. Some of the “houses” are made by simply driving in four posts to the ground, and nailing planks across, of all shapes and sizes. Over one entrance, a large calico inscription bears the name “Hotel de l’Aramon.” Looking in through the chinks, you see men lying stretched on remnants of rugs and on bits of carpets that have come from the dust-cart, talking and smoking, and with the inevitable bottle of spirits by their side. They are true specimens of the Parisian Arab.

* For some years after the old hall in the Rue Royale had been pulled down work was carried on in 404 Rue St. Honore. close by. In 1886 the present hall was built and the work resumed in the Rue Royale.—EDITOR RECORD.

The women are busy sorting over the harvest of the night and morning, to dispose of it as profitably as may be.

Here we are at the "Enclos des Mousquetaires." Last June we decided to try and begin a work of evangelization among these poor people, whom we had for a long time been wanting to reach with the Gospel message. We had our hymn books and tracts, and a violin to lead the singing, and strengthened by the presence of our Saviour, we began our work. When we were seen coming, the men began to laugh and jeer, and the women looked at us with curiosity, and one of them ran off clapping her hands to summon her neighbors to come and dance. Choosing our stand, a good woman brought us a chair where we could place our tracts and books, and we began to sing one of the hymns that is always a great favorite in the halls, "*Pour moi, chrétien, la terre est un exil, Mais tout est bien, Mais tout est bien*" (a translation of "All, all is well"), and also "*Du travailleur si l'existence est dure*" (this hymn by the late Edouard Monod is a great favorite, sung to "Hark, hark, my soul"). When we had finished these they begged us to continue, and we sang others.

The attention was very great, and M. Lenoir spoke to them of the Saviour that we know and love, and Who had put it in our hearts to come among them and teach them of Himself. Some laughed a little, but there was great quietness, and our first visit was so successful that we now go every Wednesday afternoon to them, and they look for us eagerly. The children are always on the look-out, and we are greeted with, "Oh, here they come—*ouï, tout est bien, tout est bien.*" And this is our name now, we are the "*tout-est-bien.*"

Sometimes we take with us the beautiful pictures that we get sent from America for the schools, and show them some scenes in the life of our Lord or of the Apostles. Once, when showing the picture of the Saviour blessing the children, a woman exclaimed, "Ah, I know who that is; He was the first Republican, it was He who saved France!" That is a specimen of their knowledge, or rather ignorance, but they take a real interest in what we tell them. They ask us, secretly, if we can tell them where they can learn these hymns, and some of the children come to the Javel school, while some of the parents

come to the evening meetings. Once they came in quite a band to the Grenelle hall at eight in the evening, having made a mistake as to the hour. A girl who was to come to the catechists' class one Sunday morning at 9.30 mistook the hour and came in the evening escorted by her family.

Our poor people at Grenelle see now that there are poorer than they, and that they are not so badly clothed as are their friends from this cité at Javel. And yet there is not such great misery as one might think among them. It is really more dirt and neglect than downright poverty from which they suffer.

(The hymn above-named, so much liked by our poor people, was once asked for by a good woman thus: "Let us sing that hymn, madame, that says, don't you know, '*Cela ne fait rien, cela ne fait rien!*'"—(That's no matter, that's no matter!)."—(*Paris Quarterly*).

ITINERATING AROUND COGNAC-LE-FROID

After paying in vain several visits to Roussi, writes M. Boutonnet, and knocking to no purpose at not a few doors, I managed to find a room in an uninhabited house, whose proprietor, living at Limoges, is less susceptible than most to the threats of the clergy. The same week a man who attends the meetings regularly got me an introduction to Chaban, a large village four miles off, on the limit of the commune. Jussac, near by, in this way hears the Word also, and several other villages in the neighborhood; and, finally, Montpoutiers put in its claim. From all these places some people come to the hall on Sunday; in fact, out of the eight principal hamlets of the commune, seven hear the Gospel preached. Mons only, one of the largest and the nearest to Cognac, is as yet refractory.

This addition to my work prevents me from visiting each place more than once a fortnight. My wife goes with me usually, and often some of the children, as they are very useful for the singing. As soon as I get near a village I announce the arrival of the "Protestant" by a blast on my horn, and immediately there is a hurrying up, some bringing chairs and some benches. Many have to stand, the children are always in front, and sometimes we are so crowded that I can scarcely move. We often have hearers from other villages two or three miles off, when it is not their week to be visited.

A RUN TO THE SUNNY SOUTH

REV. S. R. BROWN.

[This interesting letter arrived too late for use in the April RECORD.—EDITOR.]

I have had a run to Marseilles, where I replaced M. Grenier.* It was nine o'clock on Saturday morning when the train slowed in, and I was glad to see a familiar face, come to invite me to breakfast and offer to secure me a room in a boarding house, a kindness thankfully accepted. The heart of Marseilles is as warm as its climate, but its men are as liable to outbursts of temper as its boisterous sea. "He is a good fellow, but bad tempered," they say of one another.

Sunday is a great day for meetings in Marseilles. The wharf, or *le vieux port*, on which our hall is situated is the grand promenade of the city; it is what Rotten Row is to London, the Avenue du Bois to Paris, except that they are aristocratic. All nations meet here, all tongues are heard. Italians lounge, Arabians strut about in fine clothes and flowing robes, and the poor little slum children are everywhere, objects of pity for whom few care.

It is in a unique position, our hall, for an aggressive evangelistic Mission. At two o'clock a gospel temperance meeting is held. It is the child of M. E. Lenoir and is the largest temperance section in France. There are seventy-two active members, and they are active and no mistake. Standing under the awning, a protection from the sun's hot rays, they seek to compel men to come in and hear about the war against drink, shouting "*Guerre à l'Alcool!*"

This temperance society has recently taken a new departure, having received permission from a clerical mayor† to hold temperance meetings on the wharf amid a dense crowd of people, merely on condition of giving notice twenty-four hours in advance to the police that they may attend as protectors to keep the peace. Three strong men held high the banners, which were

*Who was sent to Switzerland on deputation work, as mentioned in the April RECORD.—ED.

†That is, a mayor in sympathy with the clerical or ultra-montane Catholic party—a surprising thing, this permission.—ED.

reproductions of Burnaud's celebrated picture, of which your readers have already heard, the poster made for last year's great Temperance Convention, "Alcohol Kills," *V. Alcool tue.*

An old sailor who presided told the crowd that these temperance people were workmen like themselves and then said: "Our clothes are good, our children well fed, our wives cared for, because we have left the drink shops for the butcher and baker and the tailor." He urged workmen to follow this good example. Then the noted Touread spoke. Have the readers of the AMERICAN RECORD forgotten him? I met him ten years ago living in a hut (*cabanon*) in old Marseilles. He told the old, old story that was new on the sea front. "Eleven years ago I took the pledge; I had not a shirt on my back, for the police had torn it off my back in a tussle, nor shoes to my feet, a pair of sandals costing three cents were tied on with strings. I went to a master to ask work. 'You are a drunkard,' he said, 'you would not stop.' 'I was,' I replied, 'but I have signed the temperance pledge; give me a chance!'" Thus he poured out his impassioned native eloquence and brought the house down with applause. I stood by his wife and beautiful children. The meeting ended, they bore off the new recruits to sign the pledge. As one wreck signed he said: "I have kept sober a week"—if he holds we shall get one hundred others. "How many hold on," I asked. "None," was the answer, "except they add to temperance godliness."

This meeting over, at 4 p. m. was the gospel meeting. Old acquaintances gathered, but some have left, two men and their wives are on the Congo Mission. The nice young man who, when I was last here, led the singing and taught a choir, has passed through a school of evangelists and is the director of our Mission at Desvres. Three maidens who then attended the meetings are now Bible women in Paris. Surely the Marseilles branch has brought forth much fruit that remains.

Some have fallen, perhaps, beyond hope of recovery, but why should we give up hope? At my right hand stands a long-shoreman, all eyes, all smiles, and his proud wife eager to tell me that the fallen has been lifted from the mirey clay, and his feet established on the rock. I sat down by another patient wife who is rejoicing with trembling. Her husband is on his

feet. "My wife saved me," he said. Will he stand? That is the question.

Old friends had to be seen, new ones visited. I made one condition, to see first of all those who were seekers. Here is one, a new case.

Our walk was to old Marseilles; the streets as dirty and forbidding as of old. So dark was the staircase that we had to feel our way like blind men. A long climb, we were at last in the upper story, a door opened and it was light. Husband and wife are shoemakers, well to do, with two boy apprentices. These were sent out to play. The employers are new shoots of the Mission. "What led you to become a Christian?" I asked. "Temperance; my wife! You see, I was not a drunkard. We drank eighteen quarts of wine per week. Sundays I went to the café to play cards and drink four *berger absinthes* and a *pernod* to top them, but I was not seedy, hey wife?" appealing to her for confirmation of the soberness of her husband.

"One Sunday," he went on, "my wife went to the temperance, came home and said, 'I shall drink no more wine; I have signed the pledge.' 'My dear,' I said, 'do what you like; but water is insipid and you will soon get tired of it.' Then she begged me to go to the temperance. I did and I signed, too. Now what I want to know is, can I partake of the sacrament without being a member of a church?"

"Are you a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Well, I cannot say it straight; you see, I am only five months temperate. I am a bud (*bourgeon*) not a full-blown flower, but growing."

Madame, who has saved her husband, had no hesitation. She confessed her faith.

The "bud" prayed; it was a good time, and I said to the Bible woman as we stumbled down the stairs, "How encouraging! A new branch, with two buds to bring forth more fruit."

To meet all our friends two cottage meetings were organized, one was a love feast, an *agape*, at a workman's cottage. A long table was borrowed, a new white tablecloth—a wedding present—was brought out for the first time, cups and saucers borrowed and we were a large party. Then after our cups of tea and *brioche* we read of another Comforter, with *us* as a

presence, in us as a power, for men are weak, they need another to strengthen them.

The Marseillaises (the women) are strong, godly, patient, firm, cleaving to the Lord, and pulling the husbands up. "I owe all to my wife," said a reformed drunkard, "but for her I was lost."

It was eleven o'clock when our prayers and reading ceased. "I meant to take you home, Mr. Brown," said our host, "but I must help wash up, and clear away. You are safe with my friends (the shoemakers)."

So we started along the deserted streets. We missed our train and came across two men standing at a corner. "Who are they?" I asked.

"Night birds seeking prey! Don't be afraid! I have some prunes."

We passed on. "What are prunes?" I asked, and he showed me a small revolver in his open hand. "Christians must defend themselves if attacked," he said.

Marseilles with its four stations is an interesting, fruitful Mission field. May it bring forth more fruit!*

The annual meeting of the Mission was held in Paris on April 17th. M. Merle d'Aubigné was able to be present and give an account of his visit to America. The Annual Report has not yet come to hand.

A lady from St. Maurice who came to the children's meeting on Sunday afternoon with a group of friends told how one of her neighbors, a very devout person, and greatly opposed to our meetings, became the most zealous in all the village. For the first week she did all in her power to prevent her neighbors from coming, and was much surprised to learn that the meetings were "most interesting." At last she consented to set foot on board and then said how greatly she had been deceived. "If only I had known at the first what it was really like! How I regret not to have come from the beginning!"

* After such an account it is sorrowful to learn, as we do by an item in a recent Paris paper, that the necessity for retrenchment has forced the Paris Committee to close one of these four stations. The pastors of Marseilles express the deepest regret for this sad necessity.—ED.

GRENELLE AND JAVEL

One of the oldest stations of the McAll Mission is that of Grenelle, near the Champs de Mars, in southwestern Paris. In 1873 the Editor of THE RECORD used to assist in the Sunday, and Thursday schools of this hall, which was then a rather inconveniently arranged shop of two rooms thrown together. The work grew with great rapidity and solidity, and although it was not the intention of Mr. McAll to found any churches, this was the first of four or five instances in the history of the Mission when the necessity became imperative, for want of any Protestant Church in the district with which the members could unite.

Many years ago the inconvenient shop was replaced by a neat little building, which was perhaps the first "institutional church" in France. The church belongs to the Union of Free Churches, its pastor being the Rev. E. Lenoir; it enjoys the free use of the McAll building for its regular services, and shares to a considerable extent in the activities of the Mission, which are many and various. It will be remembered that when, a few years ago, the Paris Committee felt constrained to close its work in the neighboring suburb of Javel, which had been an outgrowth of the Grenelle station, the Grenelle church took up this Mission, and has carried it on ever since.

On Sunday, July 3d, the annual meeting of these joint works was held, about one hundred persons present, besides delegates from the churches of the Luxembourg, the Nord, and Taitbout, and Mr. Greig, representing the McAll Mission. The reading of the reports of the various activities of this little church and its Mission produced a marked impression. It would seem as if Dr. McAll's mantle must to some degree have fallen upon M. Lenoir, so marvelously has he succeeded in using every gift or talent of his people, and in grouping a variety of different activities within a single framework.

First came the report of the *Cercle*, a reading room, "a moral work which offers to men good reading; harmless games, lectures and other interests which keep them from the cafés."

Reports of the Mothers' Meeting and the Dispensary were presented by Miss Agnes Johnstone. The expenses of the latter were largely borne by the people who availed themselves of it,

who brought every week a few "big sous" as contributions. The singing class of twenty persons has become a choir for the church.

The Blue Cross (total abstinence) Society is now in its thirteenth year, with forty-three active and fourteen associate members. The Band of Hope is three years old and has fourteen members.

The Courageous is a society of boys from twelve to twenty-one who have agreed not to smoke. It has twenty members.

The Sewing School has forty members; the Junior Endeavor Society has twenty members; the Senior society, which was founded last year, has ten active and three associate members.

There are young women's societies both in Javel and Grenelle. The Mothers' Meeting of Javel has forty-six members, one hundred and thirty having attended during the nine years of its existence.

The Sunday and Thursday schools of Grenelle and Javel are held at different hours, doubtless from a scarcity of teachers. Each is in two grades. That of Javel (which though a mission of Grenelle belongs to the McAll Mission) has eighty-six members in the "big" and fifty-two in the "little" school; two-thirds are boys. They frankly declare that they are Apaches and "ought not to be good;" nevertheless, they are really very attentive. One "little mother" takes upon herself to bring all the babies that she can gather up in the street.

The Grenelle school is the Church school, and great is the joy when, as often happens, Mr. L. Sautter comes and teaches them in "general assembly," as he frequently does on Thursday afternoons. Thirty-eight of these children were sent to the country this year and there is talk of opening a savings bank for the benefit of larger numbers.

Evangelistic meetings are carried on with considerable success. A Bible class averaging twenty presences is held every Tuesday evening. "Religious instruction," technically so called, was given by the pastor to nineteen children, seven of whom finished the three years' course (preparatory to Church membership) and received a Bible and a "certificate of religious instruction."

The report of the Church showed a membership of about fifty. Is not this truly a wonderful record of activity for a church of this size? There can be no drones in this hive.

L. S. H.

HERE AND THERE

A family followed the *Bonne Nouvelle* from Montargis to Vézine every week (1903)—mother, father, and three big lads coming regularly, Sunday and Thursday, to the meetings. The father said, "I would never have touched one of your books or tracts that I now so love to read, because the word 'Évangélique' was for me the symbol of all that was false and despicable. It needed that I should read a good page before changing my way of thinking. I am now sure that your Gospel teaches that it is a duty to help all who are in need, and to try and lessen the miseries that abound."

This is a striking illustration of the bitter prejudice that exists in the minds of so many respectable workingmen here, for whom the word "Gospel" spells "enemy" of all progress and brotherhood.

* * *

At the village of M. there lately passed away a man who came sometimes to our meetings, and who sent his child regularly to the school. The funeral was to have been a "civil" one, without any religious ceremony, but M. Canet, of Cognac, was asked to speak at the grave. He hesitated at first, not knowing if his place was there or no, but on hearing that a so-called free-thinker was to speak, he decided to go. The speaker declared that the dead man had been able "to free himself from all faith in anything religious." M. Canet then spoke, and told the people the truth, and that M. was a man of courage and independence, and that at night, before retiring to rest, he used to kneel down and commit his soul to the keeping of his God. He spoke for some time, and the 250 persons present listened most attentively as he dwelt on the words in Hebrews, "To-day, if ye will hear My voice, harden not your hearts," showing that a sudden death like that of our friend left no time for preparation.

A MOTOR CAR MISSION

PASTOR J. E. CERISIER.

[Readers of *THE RECORD* are already aware that Pastors Cerisier and Foulquier have long been anxious to obtain an automobile to aid them in an interesting work in villages and hamlets near Paris. Happily, their desire has been gratified; they have by some means become possessors of an automobile, and Pastor Cerisier sends us the following account of their itinerating work. It is not carried on under the auspices of the McAll Mission for the simple reason that the Mission has no funds for such an extension of its work, but both M. Cerisier and M. Foulquier are in close touch with the Mission and often speak on the boats or in the halls.—EDITOR.]

To spread the Gospel in France is one of the most important duties of French Christians; they understand more clearly every day that the privileges of Christianity must not be limited to a few who possess them by birth or by education, but must be accorded to every individual. The bread of life must be offered to all those who are spiritually in need.

It is a painful reality that at the beginning of the twentieth century there are millions of our fellow creatures who know nothing of the great and joyful news of free salvation through Christ. Several methods have been lately put to work in order to spread the knowledge of the Gospel in different regions of our land. Quite recently a special mission has been started in Paris by two pastors of different denominations, Mr. O. Foulquier, of the Free Church, and Mr. J. E. Cerisier, of the Reformed Church, with a view to carrying the Gospel to the suburbs of Paris.

Our desire was to go to neighboring towns with a motor car, and standing in the market places, to sell Bibles and copies of the Scriptures to the buyers and sellers of various articles; to have open air meetings and speak about the great doctrines of the Gospel, etc. A Parisian friend generously gave us a sufficient amount of money to buy a machine, and we were thus able to enter upon the work at the beginning of last spring.

Many interesting details might be given about the work we have accomplished and several papers have published striking letters of this motor car enterprise. We limit operations to a radius of thirty miles around Paris. We start in the morning,

as the market is generally kept from 8 to 11 a. m., and stop with the machine in the very centre of the market place. The people gather all around, listening to the address, discussing some point of belief or asking for explanations, and meanwhile buying copies of the Gospel; the speakers are generally well received. Many times workmen who pretend to be atheists or freethinkers argue very cleverly, but they are always civil and respectful.

One day we were speaking about God as our maker and Father: "Well," said a man, "I only believe in what I can see. I do not see God, therefore how can I believe in him?" "Yet you must admit that there are things that you do not see and which however you are obliged to believe. For instance, you are. I can see, a very intelligent man; you have an acute intelligence; you cannot see your own intelligence and yet you believe in it. You have a conscience, a power to choose between good and evil; well, if I were to tell you that you have no conscience, you would not be at all satisfied. You firmly believe in your conscience, and still, you are unable to see it."

The man seemed much impressed by our simple argument and offered no further opposition to our explanations.

We have already visited many towns and villages around Paris, Bagneux, Villeneuve St. Georges, Méry, Isle Adam, Méru, Montfort, l'Amaury, Essonnes, Conflans, Maisons-Lafitte, Mériel, etc., and have sold a good number of copies of Scriptures, distributed many tracts and delivered in each of these places an address on some of our Christian truths. We go on with the work, as the funds come to us, depending on God for help and always trusting that, according to the promise, "our work shall not be in vain in the Lord."

Many touching testimonies are given of the effect of the visit of the boat. A working girl says that she never uses bad language, nor joins in evil conversation, since listening to the speakers on the boat. An old grandmother says that her granddaughter is much kinder and gentler since coming on board. A mother says that her son is far more attentive and pleasant since coming to the boat.

A WORKINGMEN'S BIBLE CLASS IN PARIS

BY REV. S. R. BROWN.

I should like to introduce you to a Bible Class held every Saturday night, from 8.15 to 9.30, *all the year round*. Even during the hot days of July it continued, and strange to say, now the President is on his holiday by the silver sea, he has received the good news that not only has the number been maintained but it has even increased during August. During July nineteen to twenty-three men met in the hot evenings of an abnormally hot month to study the Gospel according to St. John. On August 6th twenty-three men were present and on the twenty-seventh the number increased to thirty-five, the highest number we have reached. I cannot vouch for the fact that all were men; some wives may have swelled the number for some of our converts never come without their wives (a good sign).

Let me introduce to you the President *pro tem*; he is a retired sailor, occupying a post of trust in the office of the paymaster-general. A convert of our Mission, known in the Salle as "the Decorated," he has learned to pray in public. His prayers are portions of the Holy Scriptures learned by heart; to some ears they sound most remarkable.

On his left sits a man well known in former days as a violent revolutionist; a Protestant in name, an infidel in practice, and a Communist in politics. He now calls himself a Christian socialist. A dear fellow, quiet as a lamb, generous, full of love to workingmen. He lately introduced the subject of Mary the Sister of Lazarus, who had chosen the good part; he told us he had once chosen the bad part, he had joined the international society called *Propagande par le fait* (violence).

"Once," he said. "I walked in procession through the streets of Paris, with a black flag on which was written in red letters:

"Bread or lead!

Die fighting or live by working."

The French reads:

Du pain ou du plomb.

Vivre en travaillant ou mourir en combattant.

He now fights the good fight of faith and works as his own master, as visitor of the sick of our Bible Class.

I ought to introduce you to our Secretary, son of a Baptist minister in a provincial town, who through drink, etc., lost his arm. He was, well, suppose we say a leper. He came to us poor and wretched, a backslider. Now, in a new environment he is restored and is one of our chief speakers, possessing a wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures. He is ashamed of the past, and is a marvel to those who knew him in his bad days. .

But I want to introduce you to an engineer, a thoughtful, learned man, modest, reticent. His spiritual development has been slow. Quietly he had confessed to me the great change, and I asked him to give us his experience, but he hesitated. I got him to introduce a subject, then to pray at our Bible Class.

On Sunday, the twenty-fourth of last July, a storm swept over Paris, I had my hat blown into the Seine, and arrived a little late amidst a downpour of rain, at my Sunday afternoon meeting. We were only twenty-eight persons, our numbers are usually sixty on Sundays in summer. After the worship I suggested an after meeting on account of the rain, and asked the engineer to lead us in prayer. He stood up, drew a paper from his pocket, and spoke thus :

"Ten years ago I was passing the doors of this hall, when a man offered me a handbill, as happens so often in Paris. The title struck me as strange, '*An Evangelical Address.*' I came in to hear what it meant. What I heard seemed strange (*baroque*). The orator read from a book, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of God. Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy,' and it seemed so funny, 'Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you for My name's sake.' I was dumfounded, my preconceived ideas were turned upside down. I knew the world where you have to fight tooth and nail to hold your own ; where might is right, and the strong eat up the weak as big fish devour the smaller.

"I have heard learned barristers at the assize, and clever scientists, but this Gospel was new. I became a regular hearer of the Gospel. The preachers talked of forgiveness of sins, of the healing of a broken heart, of rest to the weary, of One who said : 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and

I will console you.' I was weary and heavy laden, my heart was broken, for I have suffered. I still weep for my dead, and shall sorrow all my life.

"I said to myself, These men are sincere; they speak the words of truth, they would not deceive us. So I settled down at the Salle, to hear the words of eternal life. One evening I heard a sermon on the lost piece of silver, lost by a careless woman in the dirt, and a lost sheep that had gone astray, and a prodigal who came back to his father. I was touched, my heart broke; like Peter I went out and wept bitterly."

I remembered the night well; the preacher was Jean Monnier, now Professor Monnier of the University, and a member of the McAll board. As I went out I saw him in the street in soul anguish, weeping as if heartbroken.

I said: "Friend, what aileth thee?"

He answered: "I am lost, Mr. Brown. I am the piece of silver lost in the dirt. I am the sheep that went astray. I am the prodigal amongst the swine."

"Come in! Come in!" I said.

I led him to our little room, where many a soul has been born again. Holy place! Mercy seat! where many have found mercy and grace to help them in times of need. Here he wept and with strong cries and tears was heard and delivered.

"Since that happy day," he went on, "I have had my falls, but God has sustained me, raised me when fallen, restored me when weak and sick. I am growing old now, night is coming, but I am a new man, I know I am saved.

"I often wake early in the morning, about two o'clock. Then I commune with God. I seem to hear the voice of God, to see the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. Things that are hidden from the wise and prudent God reveals unto babes, and my soul vibrates to the voice of the Spirit of God.

"Oh! believe me, brethren, man is a fallen angel, a fragment broken off from the Divine, and often tears dim my eyes, and I pray my God, my father, which art in heaven, deliver me from evil, forgive me my sins, give me day by day my daily bread. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. My God, I beseech Thee, realize what poor fallen humanity hopes for—the kingdom of heaven on earth. Amen."

THE SEVENTH CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION

A very important occasion was the seventh annual convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies of France (*Sociétés d'Activité Chrétienne*), which occurred in Paris May twenty-fifth to twenty-seventh, Dr. Francis A. Clark being present on his way home from his round-the-world journey. It will be remembered that this society was introduced into France by Mr. Grieg, and he is Vice-President of the Seine group of societies.

The occasion aroused very general interest and a number of pastors devoted their Sunday sermons to the subject. The principal meeting was held in the famous church of the Oratoire. The Reformed Church has seventy sections, the Free Church five, the Methodist sections have five hundred and fifty-six members and a paper of their own, *Le Lien*. Our Mission has eight sections, five being in Paris. The total in France is one hundred sections. Dr. Clark spoke at the great meeting, being interpreted by M. Merle d'Aubigné. Great interest was shown when, in closing, Dr. Clark displayed a Chinese banner, embroidered by a native pastor in Peking, and showing in symbolic signs the persecution in which twenty-two members of the Peking society laid down their lives for the faith.

One of the sessions of this convention was held in our Rue Royale hall (Salle Philadelphie) and one in Salle Rivoli-New York. During the closing session a National Committee was formed, with M. Henri Merle d'Aubigné President, and Mr. Greig one of the vice-presidents.

Sometimes we get hold of some very queer characters. An old peasant came one day to ask M. Dautry to render him a service. He had not ventured to ask him in the evening with so many people about. This is what he asked: Some neighbors had stolen a piece of wood from him and they were continually making fun of him. He did not know what to do and so he came to ask me to use some means to help him, to teach him some prayer or to say something that would worry them and do them harm, until they confessed their faults to him and ceased to annoy him!

"I was asked, in fact," said M. Dautry, "to do a little bit of sorcery work!"

RESULTS OF BIBLE DISTRIBUTION

[From the Annual Report of M. Daniel Lortsch, agent for France of the British and Foreign Bible Society.]

I met a woman, says one, who had received a Gospel at the Paris Exhibition. "You cannot form an idea of the good that book has done me," said she. "I was a most unhappy woman, I had doubts about my salvation, and often at night I could not sleep. I made pilgrimages and went to Lourdes, but my heart remained empty and restless. I bless God that He led me to Paris, where in receiving that book I received a treasure. Here it is," she said. "The words that did me more good than any others were, 'Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole, go in peace, and be healed of thy plague.' I understood, Monsieur, that it is deceivers who say that we must do works in order to be saved. I believe that Jesus saved me just as He did that woman." She bought a Testament, and thanked me for the light I had given her.

* * *

In the family where I sold a Bible three years ago, says N., they said to me, "Since we have had this Bible we trust the priests no longer. We see no passage in this book speaking of Confession or of the Mass. It bids us confess our faults one to another. We have read the Bible right through, and we rejoice that we have found truth and light. We have almost won to our faith a family in the village, and if you call you are sure to sell them a volume." I went, and for an hour they asked me questions concerning the Mass, Purgatory, Prayers for the Dead, and so on. My answers gave them joy, and they thanked me for the help I had given them, and they bought a Testament.

Five years ago I had sold a Bible to a woman who was most unhappy, she believed she saw devils continually confronting her, and she had no rest. Not long ago I saw her again, and she told me that she had had a dream. She saw two wells of water rising up, the one clear and the other muddy. "I was parched with thirst," she said, "and suddenly I saw the words written before me, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,' and then I remembered that I had seen in the Gospel the conversation of the Lord Jesus with the woman at the well.

I awoke, and rose to read the story, and since then I have been the happiest of women. I never go to sleep without reading my Bible, and I never now go to confession. I read my Bible, and through it I have become a Christian."

* * *

As I was in St. Nazaire not long ago, says L., I visited a house of modest appearance but clean, and before the door was a woman busy at work, who, on seeing me coming, laid aside her broom and politely asked me what was my business. After I had presented my books she went to a cupboard and took out a copy of the Gospels and Acts, saying: "This book has done me much good. I had almost given up belief in God when a colporteur like yourself spoke so beautifully of God and of His love that he persuaded me to buy this book. I set about reading it, and it interests me so much that I spend all the time I can over it. The priest told me that it was a Protestant book and a bad one. 'But,' I replied, 'I have read it, and it has done me much good. Before, I was an unbeliever, now I have a Saviour who said himself, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, he that believeth in Me hath eternal life," and this is enough for me.' I am so glad you have come, for I want to buy a Bible."

In Chalet L. has found a family who have all become true Christians through reading one of our Gospels. I had the joy of seeing that book myself, which is in a state of good preservation, though it was bought seven years ago.

A colporteur had lent a copy of *Mary Jones* to a woman who had wished for a long time to know something about Protestants. A few days after she returned the book, saying, "I have read it twice, and since reading it I have felt as if there was something new in me. I feel so happy I can hardly help crying." I explained to her that this is what all feel who approach God in sincerity when a new life is forming within them. She purchased a Bible, and I have since heard that she reads it three times a day with her husband.

————— —Paris Quarterly.

During the celebrated Mildmay Conference, England, a meeting was held on behalf of the Mission, presided over by Pastor Georges Appia, of Paris, at which addresses were given by Miss Moggridge and by Mr. Soltau.

HOME DEPARTMENT

The General Secretary has been much gratified during the summer in receiving a number of appeals for information and literature to aid in the preparation of papers for the coming season's meetings. The letters were proofs of three things, *i. e.*, that their writers were alert and interested even during the rest time, that a number of Auxiliary meetings are to be made bright and instructive by carefully prepared papers, and that the idea of study classes is growing among our Auxiliaries.

This is the month in which to re-read the many suggestions gathered in the Annual Meeting Report; the time to be sure all officers are instructed in the duties expected of them; the time to appoint a collector of RECORD subscriptions; in short, the time to be alert and filled with enthusiasm for any methods of work that will insure an aggressive and successful winter's campaign.

Easton,
Penna.

The Auxiliary held a McAll Lawn Tea on the afternoon of June 15th at "Ravenscroft," the beautiful home of Mrs. Wm. M. Davis. Tables were spread on the lawn and sandwiches, cake, lemonade and tea served, with candy and flowers as "extras." It was one of June's perfect days, veritable McAll weather, and the profusion of roses and other flowers abloom about the grounds gave great pleasure to the hundred and fifty or more visitors. The tea was a pleasant social and financial success, bringing the work of the Mission before many not hitherto interested. One pleasant feature was the selling of over fifty tickets by one member, an invalid long withdrawn from active work, who found that by means of her telephone she could do this service for the cause. Besides selling her tickets she secured the names of ten new members for the Auxiliary.

All members of Auxiliaries will be glad to learn that the illness of Mme Henri Merle d'Aubigné, which unexpectedly called her husband home, though very serious, had a favorable termination a few weeks after his arrival in Paris.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES

MARCH 15 TO SEPTEMBER 20, 1904

MAINE, \$136.30		Newark Auxiliary	\$277 25
Brunswick (Ladies of Congrega-		New Brunswick Auxiliary	354 83
tional Church)	\$15 30	Orange Auxiliary	888 43
Portland Auxiliary	121 00	Trenton "	79 25
MASSACHUSETTS, \$1,086.91		PENNSYLVANIA, \$3,403.89	
Amherst Auxiliary	\$34 35	Easton Auxiliary	\$190 42
Boston "	150 00	Chester and Vicinity Auxiliary	135 00
Easthampton "	40 00	Philadelphia Auxiliary	1,686 97
Holyoke First Cong'l Church	12 05	Pittsburgh and Allegheny Aux.	1,098 15
Lowell—Solomon Robitschek	6 00	West Chester Auxiliary	64 00
Northampton Auxiliary	75 00	Williamsport "	19 35
North Adams Cong'l Church	23 94	Wilkes Barre "	210 00
Pittsfield Auxiliary	50 00	DELAWARE, \$308.00	
Salem "	277 00	Wilmington Auxiliary	\$83 00
Springfield—Far and Near Society		" H. A. du Pont, Esq.	225 00
of First Baptist Church	5 00	MARYLAND, \$425.34	
Springfield Auxiliary	106 57	Baltimore Auxiliary	\$425 34
Worcester "	237 00	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$340.00	
Whitinsville—Ed. Whitin, Esq.	50 00	Washington Auxiliary	\$340 00
CONNECTICUT, \$1,208.64		VIRGINIA, \$5.00	
Bridgeport—Ann Circle of King's		Richmond—Miss E. M. Taylor	\$5 00
Daughters	\$5 00	OHIO, \$572.75	
Hartford Auxiliary	300 00	Cleveland Auxiliary	\$521 50
Meriden "	134 50	Dayton "	26 25
New Haven "	508 00	Oberlin "	25 00
New London—"A few Friends"	50 00	INDIANA, \$7.70	
Norwich Auxiliary	111 14	Indianapolis Auxiliary	\$2 70
" Miss Isabel Allen	100 00	Irvington—Mrs. Anna O. Eldridge	5 00
" In mem. of Mrs. Lafayette S.		ILLINOIS, \$178.02	
Foster		Chicago Auxiliary	\$178 02
RHODE ISLAND, \$150.00		MICHIGAN, \$60.00	
Providence Auxiliary	\$150 00	Detroit Auxiliary	\$35 00
NEW YORK, \$5,861.93		Saginaw "	25 00
Albany Auxiliary	\$295 00	MISSOURI, \$37.00	
Buffalo "	389 70	St. Louis Auxiliary	\$37 00
Brooklyn "	846 10	MINNESOTA, \$80.71	
New York "	3,472 87	Minneapolis Auxiliary	\$30 71
" Miss Mary E. Robert	5 00	St. Paul "	50 00
" Warwick—Miss Carrie		Collection at Annual Meeting	
Piersou	10 00	\$100 88	
Rome Auxiliary	15 00		
Rochester "	91 80		
Syracuse "	58 00		
Troy "	420 00		
Utica "	258 46		
NEW JERSEY, \$2,883.76			
Belvidere Auxiliary	\$18 00		
" Mrs. Anna M. Bruen	5 00		
Elizabeth Auxiliary	1,119 75		
Morristown "	141 25		

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE.

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of _____ dollars.

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE.

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described property.

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THE McALL MISSION IN FRANCE :

Founded in 1872 by the late Rev. R. W. McAll, D.D., F. L. S.
Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur
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The fairness with which the Roman Catholic situation in rural France is stated adds great value to this unpretending work.

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Price, 50 cents a copy. Postage, eight cents.

May be ordered from the Bureau,

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